



THE GLORIOUS AND MIRACULOUS BATTLE AT YORK.

*This Letter being directed to a Noble and honourable
Lord, from the Scots Leagour lying at York.*

My LORD,

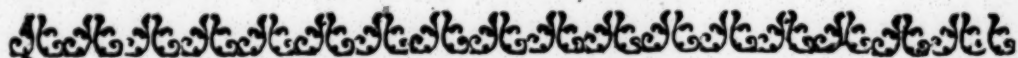


Hese are to give your Lordship accompt of the victorie. It hath pleased God to bestow on us far above our deserts. The way was thus, Prince *Rupert* advancing for *York*, we brake up our beligering to meet him, having an order (which wee intercepted) from the King, that nothing but impossibilities should stay him from beating the Scots: As we were marching, he put the River of *Ewes* betwixt us, so that he came to *York* without any stop, so that we lay foure myles there-from, and on the morrow brake up the march to *Todcaster* to attend his retreat.

Our Foot having the way, we were not one myle from it, the Alarme was sent us by our Horse, that Prince *Rupert* was with his whole armie advancing, which made us presently march back to the bounds we had left, where we found him drawing up in a plaine field three myles of length and breadth; the fairest for such use I had not seene in *England*, we finding him so neer, and no possibilitie to have our Horse two houres, kepted the advantage of a flecke, and the hills of our Horse, till the Foot as they came up was put in order: In the meane time wee advanced our Canon, and entred to play on them on the left wings, which made them a little to move; which they perceiving, brought up theirs, and gave us the like. This continued long, when it was resolved wee should advance downe the hill to a great field of corne, to a ditch they had in possession, which pleased God so to prosper, they were put from it, so that the service went on verie hote on all sides: We losing on the right Wing, and gaining on the left, they that fought stood extraordinar well to it; whereof my Lord *Lindesays* Briggad being commanded by himself, was one. These Briggads that failyed of the Vane were presently supplied by *Casels*, *Cowper*, *Dumfermling*, and some of *Clydesdailes* Regiment, who were on the battell, and gained what they had lost, and made themselves master of the Canon was next to them, and tooke Sir *Charles Lewcas* Lievetenant Generall of their Horse prisoner: These that ran away shew themselves most basely. I commanding the Battel, was on the head of your Lordships Regiment and *Bucleuches*; but they carried themselves not so as I could have wished, neither could I prevaile with them: For these that fled, never came to charge with the enemy, but were so posselt with a panatick fear, that they ran for an example to others, and no enemy following them, which gave the enemy to charge them, they intended not, & they had only the losse. These that fought, God preserved them miraculously with no losse, we have only the Lord *Dudup* prisoner, and Lievetenant Collonel *Brisson* is killed, two Captaines, and some Souldiers: We have Sir *Charles Lewcas*, Generall Major *Porter*, some Collonels, and other officers, with sundrie of their chiefe Officers killed. The number killed to the enemy as is estimate, is two thousand, and above, with fiftene hundreth prisoners, twentie piece of Canon,

which was all they had, all their Amonition, all their Bagadge, ten thousand armes, all their foot Colours, many Cornets, the horse on the right wing were beat: My Lord *Eglington* not being well seconded, Sir *Thomas Fairfax* commanded there in chief, a brave Commander, but his horse answered not our expectation nor his worth, they gave some blame to the commanded Muscatiers that were with him: My Lord *Eglington* commanded our horse there, who shewed himselfe most valiantly, his Son relieving his father, who was far ingagged, is fore wounded, our left wing of horse, which was commanded by Lievetenant General *Cromwel*, and General Major *David Leslie* caried themselves bravely, and under God was a maine occasion of our victorie. I must not overpasse *Manchesters* Foot, who did good service under the command of Generall Major *Crawford*; Our Generall being chief Commander himself, Lievetenant Generall *Bailie* commanded the Vane of ours under him, so *Fairfax* and *Manchester* of their own. So not troubling your Lordship further, I rest.

*At our Leigour at York, the
fifth of July, 1644.*



Heere is another Letter written by a trustie Gentleman, to another Noble and honourable Lord, in the Kingdome of Scotland.

My LORD,

AT our comming before *Yorke* yesterday, the Towne was summoned to render to our Generall by a Trumpeter; wee had this day a fair answer from Sir *Thomas Glenning*, and the Mair of the Citie Master *Cowper*, which was neither a grant, nor a refusall: But we hope since the Prince hath left them, with a bodie of horse, and our whole Caviliers is in pursute of him, that the Marques of *Newcastle* with our Countie King, and all their good Officers are gone: They will shortly accept of quarters for as we understand, and by certaine intelligencers from the Town this day, they have not five hundred Souldiers in the Town, beside the traine Bands, and the Burgars: So if they render not upon our assistance, to take it by storme: Wee were certainly informed from one which came out of the Towne this day, That the Prince brought scarce in with him to the towne of his Foot (confessed by Sir *Charles Lewcas* to be twelve thousand) not five hundreth, but were either killed, or run away: The Papists and Bishops, and their complices have all left the Town, Bag and Baggade: The greater losse we have was the spoiling of our Baggage, and horse, by our owne men that fled, and our Bagges are esteemed to be in horse, money and clothes, above three thousand pounds Scots: I hope some of it shall be recovered. I offer my selfe above three thousand merkes, and Sir *James Lumley* two thousand. But we heartily dispence with the losse of meane since God hath prospered the worke in our hands, I hope by Gods blessing, this blow the Prince hath gotten shall bee a good meane to bring all the businesse here to a good happy close, to Gods glorie, (to whom only the praise of the worke is due) and the good of the three Kingdomes.

This battell was fought on tuesday the second of July, a day ought never to be forgot in the three Kingdomes, as one of the greatest acts of Gods great power and mercie manifested to us, for which we have a solemne thanksgiving the next Lords day: And as it is expected in all the Kingdomes will be the like, so soone as can be expediently.

Gentle Reader, I crave your Patience concerning the drawing up of the Briggads, because they were not altogether so perfect as I would have them: But yee shall have them very shortly God willing printed in a perfect forme.